

Trying To Swim

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Summary: Some have had to deal with their sacrifices more than others. Hiccup, in particular, has been struggling to relearn some of his old abilities. With only one flesh and bone leg, this is painful and difficult. Good thing he has Astrid and Toothless at his side! Although those two don't always get along . . . [A One-Shot] [If you know who drew the cover, LET ME KNOW]

Trying To Swim

A/N: I got the story idea from my amazing friend, [inhonoredglory](#). You should check out her tumblr, okay? Because she is an amazing, talented young woman who loves Jesus and HTTYD as much as I do!

* * *

><p>"He'd be *fine*, he said."

"This will be easy, he said."

"What could go wrong, he said."

"Last words, Hiccup. Famous . . . last . . . words!" Astrid glared out at the ocean. Her thin arms were crossed over her ribs, and she chewed her lip, half in worry and half in fury. Out a few yards was Hiccup Haddock, perched on a one-rock island. The boy was shivering as he nervously stared down at the thrashing waves.

"You wanna come back?" Astrid yelled, although she already knew the answer.

"No, I can do this!" she heard him reply. They had been out here for hours. His voice was beginning to crack. Astrid turned to look at Toothless, who was curled up behind her. His bored gaze stared straight at Hiccup.

Astrid groaned and tossed her hands into the chilled air. "Couldn't you just fly over there, pick him up, and shake some sense into him?" she asked. Toothless grunted. Rolling her eyes, Astrid turned back to Hiccup while muttering, "A lot of good you are." She heard Toothless's tail whistling through the air, and dodged the whack that would have hit her side.

There was a loud splash, and Astrid focused on where Hiccup was. Or, as she realized with a jolt of worry, where he had used to be. "Hiccup?" she called as she took a few steps forward. Behind her, Toothless raised his head and made a concerned whimper.

Astrid felt her breath quicken, and she scampered over the slick stones toward Hiccup's old resting place. "Hiccup, where are you?"

Hiccup's thin hand suddenly shot up above the waves, and his grinning head followed after. Astrid spit out her breath and glared at his smirk. "Were you planning on scaring anyone to death?"

Hiccup bobbed above the surface. "Aw, come on, Astrid, live a little!" he teased. Astrid tried to maintain her scowl, but Hiccup's grin was too contagious. She rolled her eyes and smiled back. Hiccup laughed - then disappeared.

Shaking her head, Astrid bent down and crawled forward. "Not funny, Hiccup. You can't fool me twice."

Hiccup's hand shot out of the water. Astrid smiled, but it froze on her face as she watch the hand flail frantically, then drop back down into the ocean. Astrid sucked in a gulp of air, threw her hands above her head, and dove into the water.

The water was petrifyingly cold. Astrid resisted the urge to curl up and shiver. Instead, she stared in terror at Hiccup. His eyes widened with terror, and he was trying to scream. She tried to move, but all she could do was watch his eyelids flutter and then slide over his green eyes. His arms stopped flailing. He stopped kicking.

"Hiccup!" Astrid screamed, not caring that her air was running out. She broke out of her immobilizing terror and kicked toward Hiccup's sinking form. It took a seemingly gargantuan effort to reach out with her already aching arms. Her fingers grazed his shirt, and they wiggled desperately to get a grip. Then, finally, she had a hold. Astrid yanked Hiccup toward her, encircling her arms around his body. She quickly kicked her legs so they were beneath her. Then she began kicking ferociously, her body slowly moving toward the surface. Her vision, already blurred by the water, became even fuzzier. She kicked harder. Her lungs felt like they were bursting. She kicked harder.

Then she felt the air resting on the tip of her head. With one more kick, her and Hiccup's heads were above the waves. Astrid gasped, trying to stifle the giddy laughs threatening to bubble out of her. She squeezed Hiccup, her happiness vanishing as she realized he was still limp. "Toothless!" she screamed.

Immediately, she felt sharp white teeth digging into her shirt. The sharp points grazed her back, and she flinched but didn't take her eyes off Hiccup as they raised into the air. Hiccup wasn't too heavy,

but she didn't know how long she'd be able to hold him. "P-please," she gasped, clawing at her wrist as she tried to get a tighter hold.

The moment she felt the pebbly beach beneath her feet, her legs gave out and she crumpled to the ground, Hiccup, still not breathing, at her side. Astrid crawled closer and laid her palms on his chest. She knew barely anything about drowning, but she knew he had water where air was supposed to be. Using every bit of her strength, she pushed, over and over and over and over. "Please," she begged the cloudy grey heavens above. She looked down and choked back a sob. Maybe, she thought wildly, maybe she could give him some air? She crouched and pried his mouth open, matching her lips with his and puffing, puffing, puffing.

She continued the cycle, pushing and puffing and pushing and puffing and â€œ

Then Hiccup's body jerked, and he spit out water with a loud cough. Astrid felt hot, salty tears stream across her cheeks as she smiled. She felt a hot breath above her head and realized Toothless had been hovering above them the entire time. Finding Hiccup's hand, she entwined her fingers with his and squeezed. He stopped coughing long enough to deliver a small smile her way. She began to cry in earnest.

Looking up, she and Toothless met gazes. As her blue ones stared into his green, she gave him a tiny smile and whispered, "A lot of good you are."

Toothless pulled his lips back into a smile, and Astrid knew he was returning her words a thousand-fold.

End
file.